THE PEASANT MAIDEN'S LAMENT

DES MÄDCHEN'S KLAGE

WITH ENGLISH AND GERMAN WORDS

BALLAD

ARRANGED BY

C. G. Weber.

PIANO

GUITAR

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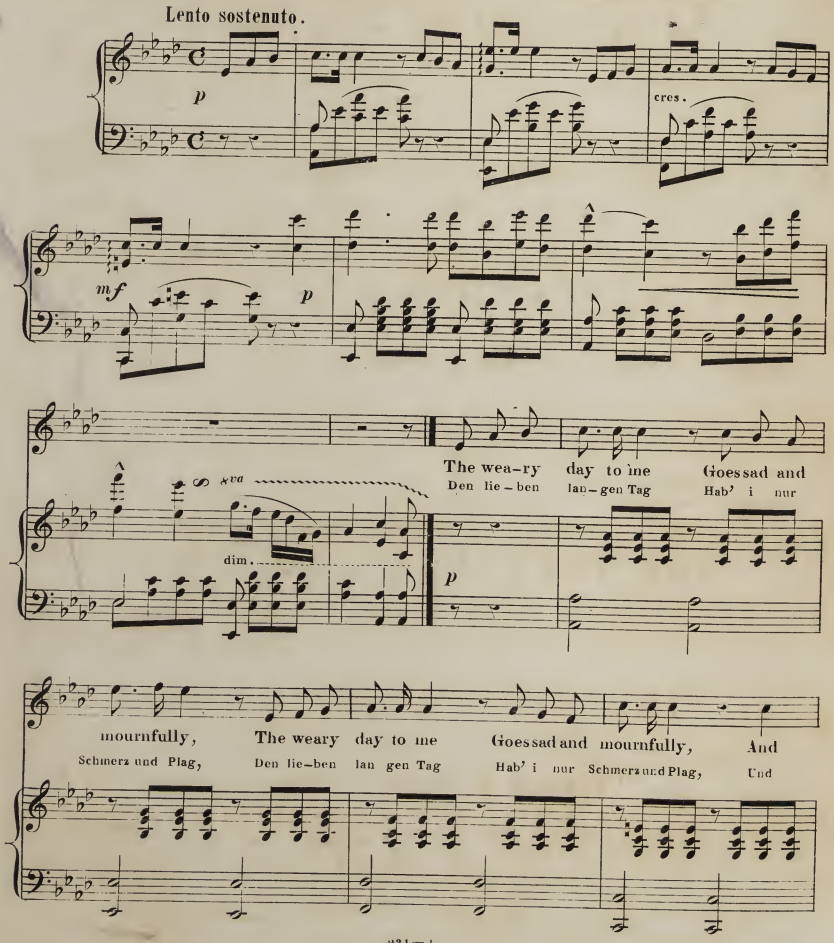
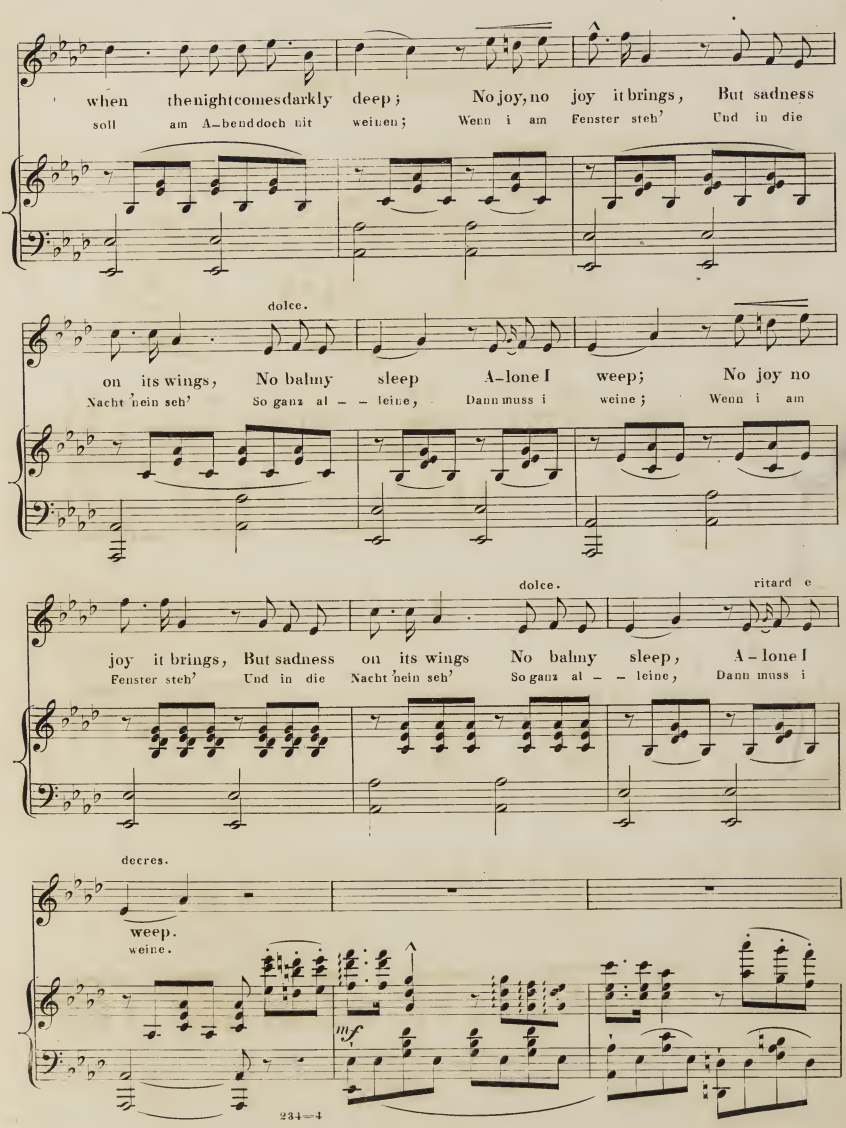
THE PEASANT MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Translated from the German by CHARLIE HINE. Arranged by C.G.WEBER.




when the night comes darkly deep; No joy, no joy it brings, But sadness
soll am A-bend doch nit weinen; Wenn i am Fenster steh' Und in die
dolce.
on its wings, No balmy sleep A-lone I weep; No joy no
Nacht hein seh' So ganz al - - leine, Dann muss i weine; Wenn i am
dolce. ritard e
joy it brings, But sadness on its wings No balmy sleep, A-lone I
Fenster steh' Und in die Nacht hein seh' So ganz al - - leine, Dann muss i
decres.
weep.
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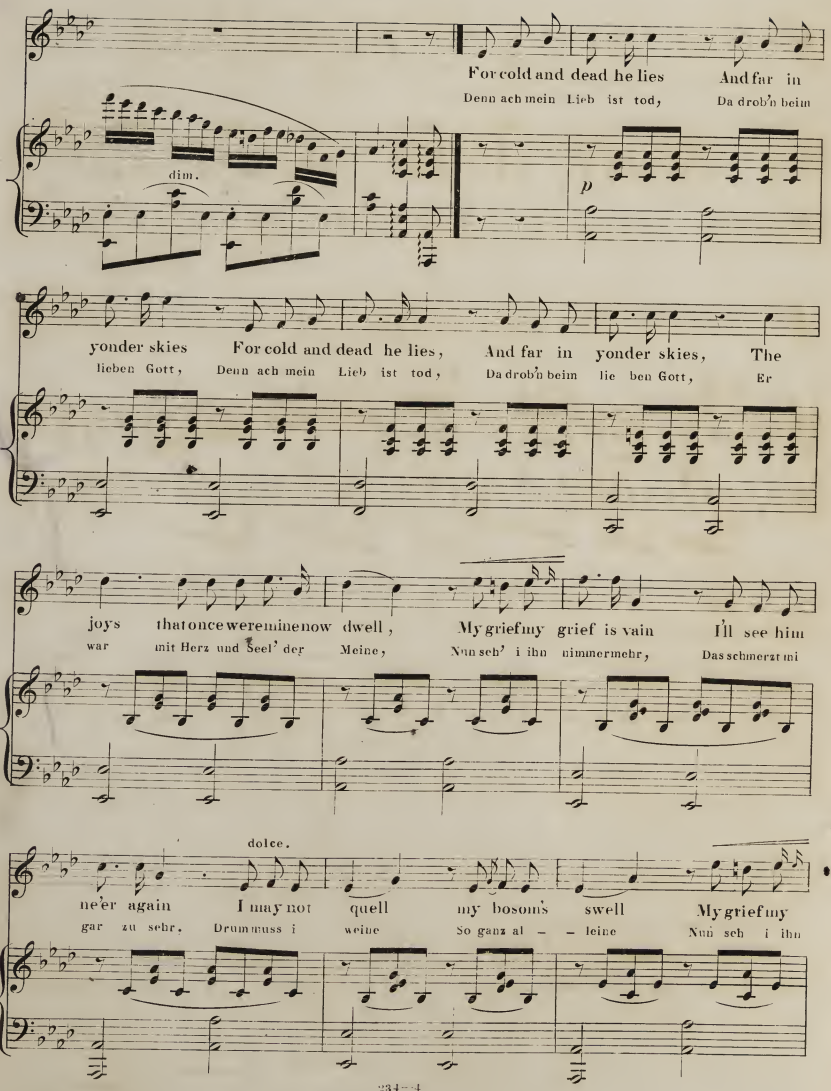
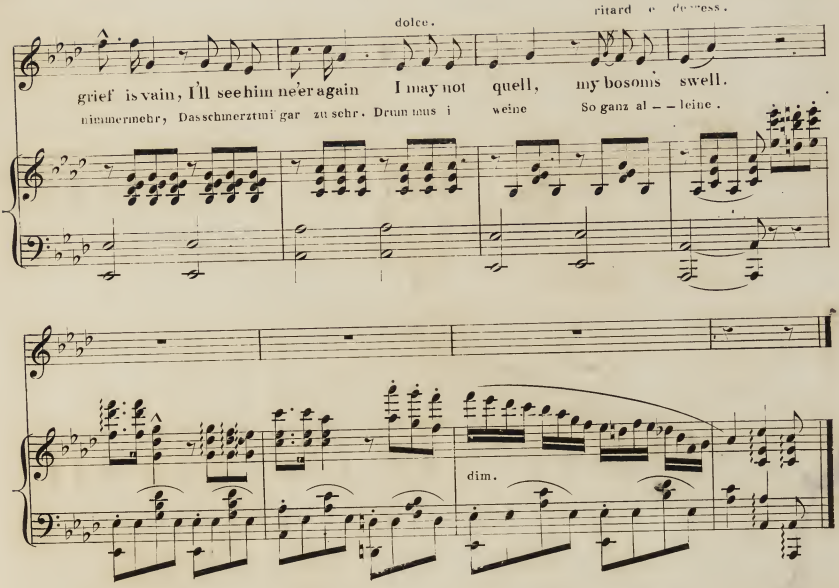
mf


For cold and dead he lies
And far in
Denn ach mein Lieb ist tod,
Da drob'n beim
dim.
p
yonder skies
For cold and dead he lies,
And far in yonder skies,
The
lieben Gott,
Denn ach mein Lieb ist tod,
Da drob'n beim lie ben Gott,
Er
joys
that once were mine now dwell,
My grief my grief is vain
I'll see him
war
mit Herz und Seel' der
Meine,
Nun seh' i ihn nimmermehr,
Das schmerzt mi
dolce.
ne'er again
I may not
quell
my bosom's
swell
My grief my
gar
zu sehr,
Drum muss i
weine
So ganz al
leine
Nun seh i ihn



3

Ah! when unkind to him
A tear his eye would dim,
And he would say "thy tears will fall
When far away from thee
I go beyond the sea;"
Thy tears will fall,
Thy joys will pall.

4

Oh! if he were not dead
And hope forever fled,
How joyful would my weeping be
Oh if he could return
My heart with joy would burn
Ah! me Ah! me
That may not be.

3

Er hat mir's oft gesagt
Wenn ich ihn hab geplagt,
Du wirst noch ofte um mich weine,
Wenn ich fortgangen bin
Ganz weit in's Ausland hin,
Dann liebe Kleine
Dann wirst du weine.

4

O! du mein lieber Gott
'Swär besser doch wie tod.
Ich wollt' ja gerne um ihn weine
Wenn er nur wiederkäm
In seine Arm' mi nähm
Und sprächt bist meine
Du liebe Kleine.